

Title:	Sukey Suds and William Taylor. Sold wholesale and retail by Leonard Deming ... No. 61 Hanover Street, Boston
Resource Type:	text
Note(s):	Also includes: William Taylor.
URL	http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/ihas/loc.rbc.amss.as113210

SUKEY SUDS

AND

WILLIAM TAYLOR.



SUKEY Suds, she stood at her washing tub,
A washing her clothes so nice,
When I pops in my head, and to her I said,
"Sukey Suds, I am off in a trice, trice, trice!"
"Sukey Suds, I am off in a trice!"
"Oh, where are you going?" my Sukey said,
"Oh, where are you going?" says she,
"I am going, my own dear Sukey," says I,
"Strange places for to see, see, see!"
"Strange places for to see!"
"Oh you false hearted Peter," says she, to me,
"You false hearted lover," says she,
"You are a going a courting another woman,
Because you are tired of me, me, me!
Because you are tired of me!"
"Oh no, Sukey Suds," says I, "taint so,
I vow it aint so," says I.
But Sukey, she pulls out her handkerchief,
And sat herself down to cry, cry, cry!
And sat herself down to cry!
"Oh Sukey, my dear, oh, Sukey, my dear!
I swear I am free from that sin;
So wipe your eyes, my Sukey, do n't cry,
Take a sip from this bottle of gin, gin, gin!
Take a sip from this bottle of gin!"
So we both sat us down by the side of the fire,
Took a sip, turn and turn about,
When Sukey, she turned the bottle up,
And drank every drop clean out, out, out!
And drank every drop clean out!
As soon as the bottle was finished,
Says Sukey, says she, to me,
"You've promised to marry me, many a time,
Come marry me now," says she, she, she,
"Come marry me now," says she.
"Oh, I can't marry you, Miss Sukey," I said,
"Oh, I can't marry you," says I,
"For to-morrow I'm off to a strange country,
And I've got other fish to fry, fry, fry!
And I've got other fish to fry!"
"You vile wicked monster," says she to me,
"For this you are perjured;
And if ever you marry another young woman,
My ghost shall haunt your bed, bed, bed!
My ghost shall haunt your bed!"

Now her passion was up as high as could be,
So it could n't be up no higher;
When she seizes a three legged stool by one leg,
And she knocks me right into the fire, fire, fire!
And she knocks me right into the fire!

MORAL.

(Spoken.) Young youths,
When you are a going to choose a young woman,
Whose true love you've been trying to win,
Go weeping and wailing to wish her good bye,
But be sure you do n't carry no gin, gin, gin!
Be sure you do n't carry no gin!

What I am now saying, now do n't despise,
But take this advice from a fool;
Never promise what you do n't mean to perform,
Or beware — of a three legged stool, stool, stool!
Or beware — of a three legged stool!

William Taylor.

WILLIAM was a youthful lover,
William lov'd a lady gay,
The bells did ring, and the birds did sing,
Unto the church they took their way.

In came twenty brisk young sailors,
Dres't in costly rich array,
Instead of William's being married,
Press'd he was and forc'd away.

In a short time she follow'd after,
By the name of Richard Carr,
Her white hands and milk white fingers
All besmear'd with pitch and tar.

Then behold the first engagement,
She was call'd among the rest,
Her jacket open void of danger,
All expos'd her snow white breast.

When the captain came to see,
He said what wind has blown you here?
She said I come to find my true love,
Him you pressed I loved so dear.

Who is your true love? says the captain,
Tell his name to me I pray;
She said his name is William Taylor,
Him you pressed I loved so dear.

If William Taylor is your true love,
He lives on the Isle of Man,
Rise up early in the morning,
You'll see him walking on the strand.

The next morning she rose early,
As the daylight did appear,
There she saw sweet William Taylor,
Walking with his lady fair.

Then she called for sword and pistol,
Which was brought at her command,
There she shot sweet William Taylor,
Walking at his bride's right hand.

When the captain came to hear,
And see the wonders she had done,
He quickly made her his lieutenant,
Of the gallant thunder bomb.

◆◆◆ Sold, wholesale and retail, by LEONARD DEMING, at the sign of the Barber's Pole, No. 61, Hanover Street, Boston, ◆◆◆